

## THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$2 per year by mail in advance.

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Telephone in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.



Tuesday, June 23, 1914.

Evidently Ty Cobb places butchers in the same class with umpires.

Agricultural experts who have been urging the growing of alfalfa in Illinois doubtless will approve of the proposed strike of the Chicago barbers.

Postmaster General Burleson's plan for a house to house collection of mail matter would be cheerfully hailed by those husbands that post their wives' letters in coat pockets.

With daylight 17 hours out of the 24 this is the time of year when the honest farmer comes nearest to succeeding in his endeavor to get a full day's work out of the hired man.

One United States senator from Iowa having voted for the repeal of Panama tolls exemption and the other against it, the people of that state have just ground for the charge that they have been disfranchised in the august upper body of congress.

Everything is grist that comes to California's mill. Even the volcano in eruption is advertised as an object of interest, and visitors are urged to come out to the coast and enjoy the sight, never, of course, minding the slight risk of being swallowed up in the bowels of the earth or of having to swim a river of lava to get away.

George W. Perkins, the heavy contributor who gave \$175,000 to the progressive campaign fund two years ago and who has recently been read out of the party by one of the Pinchots, is able to see a joke. He told a few friends the other day that the party ought to have a new hymn. Two years ago he marched to the martial strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers," this year, he suggested, it might be well to sing, "Shall We Gather at the River."

## THE GOLD SUPPLY.

Treasury department officials show only a passing interest in the phenomenal exportation of gold which is taking place through New York. Since Jan. 1 the amount of gold exported has amounted to \$70,000,000. The gold reserve supply at the New York treasury was practically exhausted and over \$40,000,000 worth of gold bars and coin was sent to New York from other sub-treasuries.

We have a billion in gold reserve in the United States and a temporary balance of trade against us need cause no alarm. It will all come back in due time and more with it. Such conditions have not been infrequent in the financial history of the country, but they furnish the "outs" something that appears tangible to attack the "ins" with.

## TAVENNER'S CANDIDACY.

(Carthage Republican.)

Clyde H. Tavenner has sent petitions into this county for signatures to get himself on the primary ballot of renomination.

The Republican does not believe there will be any active opposition to his candidacy in this district. It is true that persons outside have circulated the report that he has withdrawn, but the report was a malicious falsehood, coming no doubt from the army ammunition and supply grafters whom Tavenner has so vigorously been exposing.

Tavenner is one of the most active members in congress. Not only is he tireless in his investigations of trust methods, but he is most active in disseminating his information in the house and through his letters.

His speech as recorded in the congressional record of March 4 and his fight in the house on his ammunition bill April 23—were powerful blows to the worst set of entrenched grafters in Washington and his vigorous campaign will unquestionably end in the saving of millions to the people.

And, besides, he has done all for his constituents in this district that could be done. He is needed in congress and should be returned.

## PREMATURE CELEBRATION.

With the approach of the Fourth of July and the laying in of the stocks of explosives appropriate for that day by merchants, the Rock Island small boy, and some of his larger brothers also, is trying to pry up the edge of the lid so that he can indulge in a little advance celebration. All such efforts should be promptly nipped in the bud.

One day a year is enough to take record,

## Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, June 21.—Ere long congress is going to take the profit out of war and preparation for war.

When the people learn of the outrageous manner in which the powder, armor and ammunition trusts have over-charged and cheated Uncle Sam they will insist that the government manufacture its own munitions of war.

The purpose in this effort to have the government manufacture all its munitions of war is not merely to save to the government the amount of these extortionate profits, but to take the profit out of war and preparation for war.

Many gentlemen want a large number of battleships simply in order that private manufacturers may make huge profits in building them. When the government manufactures all munitions of war we will be able to decide upon the number of battleships needed on the merits of that question. Then the amounts to be carried in the army and navy bills will not be dictated by the greed of the armor, powder, and shipbuilding trusts, but by the needs of the country from a strictly military viewpoint.

Mr. Carnegie, who was one of the first to go into the armor plate business, boasts of having made millions out of 43 men. So there must be huge profits in the armor plate business, and now that the government has generously permitted a considerable colony of steel manufacturers to lay up sufficient millions to keep the wolf from their doors through the remainder of their days, as a reward for their thrift and genius and hard

work, congress should, instead of creating a fresh colony of steel magnates at the expense of the people, seriously begin to think of saving some of these millions to the taxpayers.

The extent to which the armor, ammunition and powder trusts have been overcharging the government is almost unbelievable. There has seldom been honest competitive bidding between the manufacturers. Secretary of the Navy Daniels discovered this condition as soon as he entered office, and as a result of his activity in getting new independent bidders to enter the field, he has saved the government more than \$2,000,000 and has been in office little more than a year.

Here are two sample illustrations out of a multitude which could be cited showing what happens under real competitive bidding. Realizing the government was being overcharged for turbine rotary drums, the secretary invited an English firm to submit a bid for the drums to be installed in the new battleship, No. 39, now building in the New York navy yard. The Midvale Steel company and the Bethlehem Steel company, two of the three concerns composing the armor ring, while the English firm acting for the Cyclops Steel & Iron works of Sheffield, England, offered to furnish the drums for \$57,436, a saving to the government over the lowest bid of the armor ring of \$102,836.

Then recently the secretary awarded a contract for building 100 torpedo flasks, including heads. There was competition; new contractors entered the field previously monopolized by the ring, and the secretary of the navy was able to purchase 100 flasks for \$58,246, which under former conditions would have cost \$115,075.

The bids of the Bethlehem Steel company and the Midvale Steel company under honest competitive bidding showed a reduction of 44 per cent as compared with bids for similar forgings submitted by these companies only four months previous.

## Homely and Proud of It.

Frankly, I know I am not a handsome man, and equally frankly, I acknowledge that I don't want to be a handsome man. As a matter of personal confession I may say that I have not a single misgiving about my face, which is one of those "homely"—I use the word in the American sense—straightforward, rugged, hewn out of a rock and then stamped upon by a steam roller sort of countenances which command the admiration of all fortunate enough to have caught sight of it—once. I write "once" because I heard a nervous woman remark as I came out of the stage door of the Gaiety one night that if she ever saw a face like mine again she would never go to the theatre—she wouldn't be able to. In rancorous tones she said that a second shock like that would be too much for her weak heart and delicate state of health.

But I am not jealous of handsome men—not a bit of it. Beauty forsooth! It should be a drug on the market. Edmund Payne in London Strand Magazine.

## Wartime Wit.

"Throughout the siege of Paris," says Ernest A. Vizetelly in his book, "My Days of Adventure," the so-called


## not pour rive was never lost sight of."

Thus: "When horseflesh became more or less our daily provender many Parisian bourgeois found their health failing. 'What is the matter, my dear?' Mme. du Bois inquired of her husband when he had collapsed one evening after dinner. 'Oh, it is nothing, mon amie,' he replied, 'but I used to think myself a better horseman.'"

Then there was the soldier whose age was conveniently elastic: "When Trochu issued a decree incorporating all national guards under 45 years of age in the marching battalions for duty outside the city, one of these guards on being asked how old he was, replied: 'Six and forty.' 'How is that?' he was asked. 'A few weeks ago you told everybody that you were only 36.' 'Quite true,' rejoined the other, 'but what with rampart duty, demonstrating at the Hotel de Ville, short rations and the cold weather, I feel 10 years older than I formerly did.'"

## Raised a Doubt.

Servant (rebuked for bringing in a dirty cup)—Funny thing, mum; I always seem to hit upon this one when you have company.—London Punch.



## HEALTH TALKS

William Brady, M.D.

### Efficiency of the Heart.

In the earlier development of the art of diagnosis with the aid of the stethoscope physicians were inclined to attribute too much to a "murmur" which could be heard on listening to the heart beat. Knowing that deformities of the heart valves resulting from disease permitted a "leakage" of blood through the damaged valve, and that this was accompanied by a purring, abnormal sound called a "murmur," the medical man often jumped at the conclusion that where there was a murmur there must surely be heart disease.

**Reserve Power.** Of course it is now known that murmurs are nearly as common in cases with no heart trouble whatever. In fact, the presence of an audible murmur is no longer considered the important sign of heart trouble. Even with a badly damaged valve, the quality or loudness of the murmur is a minor consideration in estimating the patient's condition; the prognosis depends rather on the reserve power of the heart. In other words, no diagnosis is complete without a careful investigation of the heart's efficiency.

Many persons have valvular disease and don't know it. Many have a murmur, and do know it, and imagine they are victims of heart trouble, whereas they have nothing of the kind. Many suffer from "stomach trouble" or "bronchial trouble" or "a tendency to asthma," which is really a secondary symptom of unsuspected heart disease. Such symptoms would obviously remain unrelieved as long as the heart's efficiency is inadequate for the individual's daily work.

Heart failure usually begins weeks, months or years before the patient realizes how serious his condition is. And it is just this insidious exhaustion of the heart's reserve force—the force necessary to cope with all the little strains of daily work or play, over and above the ordinary demands on the circulation—which may be conserved by proper treatment in the beginning. That is to say, if there is any feeling or sensation of physical incapacity, of a falling off in one's power of endurance, or perhaps inability to put forth the effort one formerly could, then it is by all means time to go and have a thorough physical examination by the physician. Degeneration and exhaustion of the heart muscle commonly expresses itself in a gradual loss of efficiency.

**Questions and Answers.** D. S. asks: Is medicine containing one grain of opium to the ounce good to stop a cough from chronic bronchitis?

Ans.—Such medicine is bad to stop a cough from chronic bronchitis. It is bad for any cough.

Andrew L. T. asks: Which is the more reliable stimulant for emergency use, brandy or aromatic spirits of ammonia?

Ans.—Aromatic spirits of ammonia, given in a little water.

H. W. writes: Our little boy, aged 5, complains of dizziness and sometimes grows faint when cool water gets in his ears during his bath. Can you explain the reason?

Ans.—Take him to your doctor or an ear specialist. It may be hardened wax, or there may be a hole in the drum.

## The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

## The CLEVER BOYS



Tommy's such a clever boy. His dancing's something fine. The girls make haste to get in line when he goes to the ball. So anxious are they not to miss the rollicking in dreamy bliss with him around the hall.

Yes, Tommy's such a clever boy. His dancing's grand, they say—He's at the bundle counter, where he's been since '98, but there must be a change some day.

A Long-Felt Want Filled. "Why in the world have you put all these seats along the wall in the upper hall?"

"That's a little idea of my own. The architect didn't want to do it, but I insisted on it. I think it would be a fine thing if everybody who builds a new house would adopt the scheme. You see, at least 25 men can sit here comfortably."

"Yes; but why should 25 men wish to sit here?" "Lord! Haven't you ever been out in society? Suppose we are giving a party. Well, the men can sit here during the half hour or more that they are compelled to wait while their wives are getting ready in the rooms where they are laying off their wraps and getting their hair fixed to suit. Great, eh?"

**The World's Loss.** Nero suddenly stopped fiddling and looked sadly down at Rome burning.

"What is the matter, Divinity?" asked one of his satellites. "Does it grieve you to see the old town go?" "No," replied the emperor as he resumed his fiddling. "It makes me sore to think movin' pictures ain't invented yet."

**Every Day.** There's warbling in the hedges, the val-de-ry ring with song; The sun gets busy early and stays on duty long; There's music in the marshes, the children dream about at play; The world becomes a little more pleasant every day.

The Pirates and the Tigers are hammering the ball; They grab the games off daily, and seem to want them all; Oh, Sox and Cubs, go to it! Why lag upon the way? Please make the world a little more pleasant every day.

**The Wise Man and the Fool.** "A fool can squander in a day what it has taken a wise man a lifetime to accumulate."

"Yes, and the wise man is generally the one who gives the fool the chance to do the squandering."

**Lack of Tact.** "That man is about the most tactless person I have ever known."

"I agree with you. He would have no more sense than to ask a barber to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of providing a monument for the inventor of the safety razor."

## STRENGTH.

"Do you know that one egg has all the strength of a pound of beef?" "I've come in contact with eggs," replied the ex-actor, "that had all the strength of the stockyards."

**Foiled.** He's in his tomb, but that is not The reason why his widow frets; She wedded him for wealth, she thought, He left behind a lot of debts.

**Plenty of Time to Reform.** "George, do you know that you haven't got home before 12 o'clock any night?" "Well, what's complainin' about? This is only Thursday."

**Useless.** "Just look at those two old fools trying to dance the tango." "What's the use? They won't care."

**The Right Word.** "Why do you speak of him as a finished artist?" "Because he told me he was utterly discouraged and was going to quit the profession. If that doesn't show that he's finished I don't know what does."

—Chicago Post.

## The Daily Story

Faded Flowers—By F. A. Mitchell.

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Howard Huntington was graduated at West Point with the class of '85. That was a period wherein chivalry was expressed in the old fashioned way. The cadets and officers of the army were gentlemen of the "old school." The association at the Military academy for four years under able and gentlemanly instructors, the beautiful scenery about them, the occasional visits of the softer sex to the academy conducted to make refined men of them.

Huntington on graduating was assigned to the artillery as brevet second lieutenant to await a vacancy before being made a full fledged officer and was ordered to join his company at Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla.

Fort Marion was then and is now calculated to inspire reveries of the

from those growing spontaneously. Miss Wheelock took the gift from the hands of the young officer with downcast eyes, for it as well as preceding attentions seemed to surely indicate that before the night had passed she would be his betrothed.

The dancing was kept up to a late hour, and there seemed to be no cloud on the festivities, though the older officers' wives doubtless felt the seriousness of the occasion. Maud every moment expected that her lover would draw her away from the throng and tell her what she was longing to hear; but, though he danced with her often, he made no such move. When the evening had passed and they parted without his having spoken great was her disappointment. Instead of leaving him with a kiss of betrothal it was with the ordinary inclination to which they had been accustomed.

The next morning Huntington was busy preparing for the move, which was to take place shortly before noon. Maud appeared several times on the parade, saying goodbye to different persons who were to leave. Huntington watched her wistfully, evidently expecting her to call him to her. But she did not. On the contrary, she took no special notice of him. At last the column was formed, the pioneers with their axes at the head, the wagons in the center, and at the word "Forward!" the band struck up an inspiring air, and the march was begun.

When the war between the states came on Major Howard Huntington cast his lot with the Confederates and became a general in one of their armies. From the time he had left Fort Monroe for the Seminoles war three years had passed he did not return there. When he did return Colonel Wheelock had been relieved from the command by another officer and had gone north with his family. The colonel died before the war of '61. Maud Wheelock remained a maid. She had numerous offers, but she declined them all. With her mother and sister after Colonel Wheelock's death she resided in Washington.

When the surrender came at Appomattox General Huntington retired to an estate he had inherited in Virginia and when the reconstruction period was over was elected to congress. He had not been in Washington long before he heard that his old sweetheart was there. He wrote her a note asking if she remembered a certain Lieutenant Huntington whom she had met thirty years ago when her father commanded at Fort Marion. If so he would be pleased, with her permission, to call upon her.

He received a reply that Miss Wheelock remembered Lieutenant Huntington very well and had since often seen his name mentioned as General Huntington of the Confederate army. She would be much pleased to renew their acquaintance that had been broken so long before. Huntington made the call and greeted his former sweetheart with one of those ceremonious bows to which he had from his youth been accustomed. Then they sat down and paid each other compliments, each telling the other that time had made scarcely any change, considering the falsehood atoned for by the pleasure given.

"Are you married, general?" asked Miss Wheelock.

"Married! No! I gave my heart to you thirty years ago and you have held it ever since."

"Then why did you not tell me so?" "I wrote it."

"I received no written avowal." "You remember the ball that took place before the departure of the troops for the Seminoles war? On that evening I handed you a bouquet in the center of which was a note."

Miss Wheelock sat looking at the general with a singular expression on her face. Then without speaking she arose and went upstairs, her guest waiting for her return. In a few moments she returned with a mass of withered flowers, or, rather, stems.

"This is the remains of the bouquet you gave me on that occasion. I will show you that it contains no—"

She stopped speaking, for she drew forth a little folded piece of paper yellow with age. Opening it, she read a proposal couched in boyish, florid language, the proposer asking her to reply before he marched away.

"That is the first time I have ever seen it," she said with inexpressible sadness and a world of regret in her eyes.

"Had you found it would your reply have been favorable?" "Certainly! I had every reason to expect your declaration."

"Then consider it repeated." "What a difference in the directness of this proposal and the one made so many years before! The one was carefully couched under a mass of flowers as if the proposer feared to make it and did so with the expectation that it would not be found. The other was brutal in its bluntness. The first snatched of the earlier part, the last of the latter part of the nineteenth century."

## June 23 in American History.

1800—The split Democratic convention nominated Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge as rival candidates, giving the election to Lincoln and resulting in civil war.

1802—Congress passed the Internal Revenue act taxing trade, industry and incomes to sustain the war fund.

1803—Blockade of Confederate ports by United States navy was ended by proclamation. Admiral Samuel Francis Dupont, U. S. N., distinguished in the civil war, died; born 1803.

All the news all the time—The Argus.